NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DEC. 28, 1897.

THE GREAT DAY APPROACHING.

The Greater New York Carnival is already an assured success. It has broken down even the barriers of local journalistic tradition, and the newspapers are taking appreciative notice of a thing that was launched by one of their number. The most substantial names in the metropolis appear on the list of subscribers to the expense fund. The various nationalities that swell the population of our cosmopolitan city have united in a common civic patriotism. The German choral and other societies have thrown themselves into the carnival enterprise with whole-souled enthusiasm; the Italian, French and other societies have been equally zealous, and the sum of organized effort will be something colossal. For the first time the volunteer Fire Departments of all the five boroughs of the Greater New York will be in line. Individual maskers, competing for the costly prizes offered, will be numerous, and it is here that the greatest opportunities remain open. There are going to be some extraordinarily interesting things displayed by individual enterprise. For instance, one gentleman will appear in the actual costume worn by El Mahdi, and a Turkish friend will accompany him clad in the bridal robes worn by a Sultan of Turkey nearly a hundred years ago.

Everybody cannot draw upon the wardrobe of a False Prophet, or even of a Sultan, but taste and originality may make up for the lack of opportunities in such directions. The prizes are worth striving for, and the desire to make New York's festal night a glittering success should be still more potent. Let us have a gay and gorgeous popular outpouring, each individual doing all in his power to add to the general joy. And at midnight, when the flag of New York is hoisted to the flagstaff of the City Hall—the municipal centre thenceforth of scores of now independent cities, towns and villages—while the batteries of searchlights play upon it from every quarter and the bombs announce the birth of the new city to the inhabitants of an area of five hundred square miles, let the dwellers in Brooklyn and Long Island City and Flushing and Harlem and furthest Staten Island shake hands as brothers and New Yorkers, one and all.

THE BRIDGE IN DANGER.

The Journal yesterday called attention to a new danger to be feared from the operation of trolley lines on the Brooklyn Bridge under the present arrangements—nothing less than the destruction of the Bridge by the electrolytic decomposition of its cables and anchorages. A few years ago such an apprehension would have seemed fanciful, but the destructive effects of electrolysis have become too apparent of late to be cavalierly dismissed. A process that destroys a million dollars' worth of gas and water pipes in Brooklyn every year must be regarded as a solemn reality.

The danger is not one remote or uncertain. It is not a matter of centuries, or even of decades. Under favoring conditions the work of destruction on the Bridge might be accomplished in six months. The demolition of the great structure could hardly be accomplished more quickly if it were deliberately undertaken by a wrecking gang.

Fortunately, the peril is not absolutely inseparable from the use of the Bridge by trolley lines. It can be averted by taking the proper precautions, and these are simply a matter of money. The employment of a thoroughly insulated copper conductor for the return circuit instead of the rails would render the current harmless. The companies can be compelled to equip their lines with this safeguard. This is a matter that will demand the early attention of Mayor Van Wyck's Bridge Commissioner.

SAGASTA TO M'KINLEY.

In proportion as the official utterances of the United States Government bearing upon the Cuban situation are conciliatory, diplomatic, and even submissive, the Spanish pronunciamientoes grow more intolerant and arrogant.

The interview with Premier Sagasta in yesterday's Journal was couched in language which no American, having knowledge of the facts, can possibly look upon without indignation. "Spain," he says, "can admit no foreign interference in her internal affairs." This is a clear rebuff to President McKinley, who, stopping far short of the promise of the platform on which he was nominated and elected, has been promising to influence Spain in behalf of Cuban autonomy. But equally it is a boast, a bluff, without intelligent foundation. The affairs of Cuba are not internal and peculiar to Spain. In them the United States has at least an equal interest—an interest which will be enforced if need be.

Again Sagasta attacks the United States because of the so-called "filibustering" expeditions fitted out in our ports. By inference, if not by direction, he charges the United States with having failed to use every possible means to suppress such expeditions. In their continuance he claims to discern evidence that either "American vigilence is continuance or American tolerance is great." But the fact is that the navy of the United States is now engaged in doing Spanish service as a police of the seas. If the charge which our navy lays upon our Treasury were put upon the bankrupt chest of Spain it would be no more than just. Withal it is matter of rather more than doubt that expeditions carrying arms to Cuba can be held unlawful unless Spain recognizes the belligerency of the Cuban patriots.

The whole tone of the Sagasta interview is one of such hostility to the United States as to make it clear even to President McKinley that the subservience to the Spanish authorities of this Administration is folly and worse. If the President's message had breathed a robust Americanism instead of a weak neutrality, the response of the Spanish Premier could not have been more bitter, and indeed would probably have been more conciliatory. It is the expression of national enmity proceeding from a national spokesman.

TAKING SIDES IN THE FAR EAST.

Out of the confusion of scrambling powers in the Far East some indications of the coming alignments are gradually emerging. It appears evident that when the forces line up England and Japan will be found on one side and Russia on the other. The position of China is still doubtful. Hitherto she has seemed to be entirely under Russian influenec, but this attitude has been due chiefly to fear, and it is possible that an Anglo-Japanese combination, dominating the Western Pacific and disposing of a superb army which is probably stronger than anything that Russia will be able to oppose to it for at least six months to come, may be able to detach her from that connection. The Chinese must see that their interests lie altogether on the side of England and Japan. Those powers wish to preserve her independence; Russia's designs lead, apparently, toward her extinction as a nation. Alone, there has been nothing for the Chinese to do but to conciliate their dangerous neighbor by ready compliance in all her plans, but with British and Japanese backing China may feel inclined to make a fight for her life.

Germany, for the moment, has dropped completely into the shade. In the presence of the forty-seven British and Japanese war ships that are ready to act together her little squadron will hardly care to make itself conspicuous. It is perhaps fortunate for Prince Henry, who was laid on the altar of his country with such solemnity by his imperial brother two weeks ago, that he and his two ships are at Gibraltar instead of in the Yellow Sea. It looks as if all the fun might be over by the time the Prince got into Chinese waters, and it is no great loss to the illustrious crusader that this is so.

When Japan was compelled to relinquish the fruits of her victory after the late war it was Russia, Germany and France that she had to thank. That unnatural alliance is supposed to have been the work of Germany, which intruded uninvited in a case in which two were company. Whether it still subsists is uncertain, but whether it does or not the British and Japanese, if they hold together, are for the moment the masters of the situation. They have an overwhelming naval force, a preponderating land army, and resources in the way of docks, workshops, coaling stations and available population incomparably superior to anything that any possible opponents can muster in that quarter. When the Trans-Siberian Railroad is finished Russia will command the situation on land, but for the present England and Japan hold the winning cards in Eastern Asia, both by land and by sea.

MILLIONAIRES LOST TO CHICAGO.

Chicago seems to be much perplexed by the inclination of her wealthiest citizens to move away from that city of boulevards and footpads, smoke and slush. One of the Chicago newspapers enumerates the millionaires who have deserted the city whence their fortunes came. It finds something like $120,000,000 of Chicago property paying interest to expatriated owners. Most of them are spending their incomes in New York, which shows that the Chicago millionaire may be without local pride but is not without practical sense.

After all, Chicago is not alone in this grievance. The course of pleasure and of wealth is eastward, though the march of empire may be westward. If there are Chicagoans who find the Prairie City a good place whence to draw money and New York a good place to spend it, are there not New Yorkers whose New York incomes are spent beyond the Atlantic? Mr. Waldorf Astor, Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Bennett are types. They make their money where it is made most easily—they spend it where they get the most for it.

The Chicagoans have no just cause for complaint. Their city suffers chiefly from a general law. Their Yerkes spends no more Chicago money in New York than our Astor spends of New York money in London. Where the honey is there will the flies congregate. Where there is beauty, refinement art and society there will people of wealth and leisure flock. If there were any city offering better social advantages than London or Paris we should find the English and the French travelling in search of it though it lay as far east as Pekin.

If Chicago wants to keep her millionaires at home, let the city be made habitable and pleasant for them. If any Chicagoan says that out of the smoke, the dirt, the elevated roads, the trolleys, the sky-scrapers, the smells and the factories which make their city untenable the millions of the deserting millionaires have been forged, the response is obvious. Let Chicagoans try to make a more habitable and attractive town, with fewer monopolists, and in the end the prosperity of all citizens will be enhanced.

AN UNPROFITABLE ARBITRATION.

Whatever else may be said of the arbitration upon the Bering Sea claims, it cannot be called profitable. Great Britain offered to settle the whole business for $425,000, but Congress would not appropriate the money. As soon as arbitration was provided for the claims multiplied in number and increased in amount, and besides the expense of the proceedings the awards will aggregate considerably more than was agreed to three years ago.

This does not prove that the $425,000 ought to have been paid without inquiry into its basis, but it does prove that arbitration of pecuniary claims may be anything but an economical way of settling them.

A DOUBLE STANDARD OF PROPRIETY.

In Charleston it seems a naval cadet cannot take an actress to a ball without many formalities.

First, the actress must be introduced to some member of the invitations committee, by him to some member of the floor committee, by him to the chaperons—that august body which no ball could get along without any more than a train could get along without air brakes. And so when a cadet, whose name is unimportant, introduced a soubrette, whose name is important to her calling but not to this article, in a Charleston ball room both were asked to withdraw, to the disaster of one and the profit of the other. Persons acquainted with stage methods may guess on which side the profit laid.

But why is it fair to introduce naval cadets, or other wandering individuals of the male sex, without the same scrutiny which is applied to the ambitious soubrette? If we understand Mr. Clement Scott aright—and it is hinted by the friends of the young lady that his recent attack on the stage contributed to her ostracism—the ladies of the drama are not alone in their improprieties. In fact, Mr. Scott himself confessed that a long life in theatrical circles had not made him impervious to the attacks of the righteous, though he was willing nevertheless to throw the first stone, and indeed throw a handful.

To the Charleston folk who turned this young couple out it might be fair to recommend a wider measure of tolerance—or a narrower. If the young lady invited to a ball is to be judged by her profession, why should not the young man be judged in the same way—if one must pass the scrutiny of a jury of matrons, why not submit the other to cross-examination before a jury of curates?

The British press declines to regard the Kaiser as being merely eccentric when one of his playful moods happens to side wipe an English interest.

Secretary Gage's currency plans are attracting missiles in a manner that will be sure to arouse the jealousy of the Cherry sisters.

Weyler's threat to publish a proclamation in answer to President McKinley's message shows that he is a man who allows himself to become annoyed on very slight provocation.

If young Mr. Edison has really perfected a process for thought photography, he should lose no time in securing sittings from Hon. Seth Low and Hon. Thomas Collier Platt.

Young Mr. Leiter is holding up the Chicago wheat market admirably. The balance of Chicago is being held up by footpads.

There are occasional indications which go to show that the Administration fears Secretary Gage's currency plans as much as it does Senator Chandler's letters.

It appears that it is unprofessional for millionaire wheat speculators to rush in and corner each other as long as there is a public to work on.

Dr. Zertucha's denial of the charge that he betrayed Maceo will not make much of an impression as long as he is in possession of his reward.

Van Wyck for Good Government.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck, of Greater New York, announces that no man can hold office under his administration who at the same time is engaged in private business. Mayor Van Wyck has been subjected to much criticism and abuse, and has been sneeringly referred to as the puppet of Richard Croker, but it is plain that he has an excellent idea of what should constitute good government, and is determined that the people of New York shall have it if it is in his power to give it to them.—New Orleans States.

The Best Christmas Number Yet.

The Journal's Christmas number, out a week in advance of its contemporaries, was the best product that paper has turned out of its superbly equipped plant. The number contained 112 pages—ten more than the World can boast of in its Christmas number. Rarely has the latter paper sent out an issue so blotched with poorly-printed half-tones, and this was scarcely atoned for by the string of well known names attached to fiction features.—Newspaperdom.

A Growing Celebration.

The Greater New York celebration which is being arranged by the Journal is assuming large proportions, and there promises to be a long and interesting New Year's Eve parade. About $7,000 has been contributed by bankers and others to the fund to defray the expense of the celebration, and a number of valuable prizes are offered to individuals and organizations taking part in the parade.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Demand for Pension Reform.

There is a growing disposition shown by the greater newspapers of the country to purge the pension list and make it a roll of honor. Thirty-seven of the greatest papers in the country in one day spoke in favor of pension reform. All of these are published or circulated north of the Mason and Dixon line, and but nine are politically opposed to the Republican party.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Provincial Journalism Disappearing.

New York is not to merge into its greater self without a grand hurrah, after all. You have only to read the Sun to discover that the Journal is arranging a monster night fete, which surely ought to reconcile old Father Knickerbocker to his new people-in-law. Processions, illuminated and decorated floats, numbers of brass bands, choral thousands, fireworks and cannon will combine to keep the city awake and agog until New Year's morning. The people will do the rest. The Journal may well be proud these times. To have its enterprise in this particular recognized by another metropolitan newspaper is indeed a triumph—almost unheard of. It might be certified to as a great paper by the Emperor of China and the cacique of Peru, if there is still such a person, but you would never suspect it from the columns of its neighbors.—Springfield Republican.

New York's Credit Under Democracy.

New York City has several newspapers with memories so short that they forget what they said as recently as the time of the greater city's Mayoralty fight. They proclaimed then their belief that Tammany's victory meant ruin to the city's credit and the wreck of its good name in the money marts. Van Wyck's success, they said, involved an era of looting and plunder and theft the mere anticipation of which would leave the city helpless in its finances. These same newspapers are now pointing with especial satisfaction to the fact that the city of New York has just placed a loan of more than $6,000,000 on very advantageous terms, the premium being, for bonds of their class, the highest on record. It is to be remembered that, on one occasion at least, the present reform administration, under Mayor Strong, could not float city bonds, no purchaser appearing who was willing to bid more than par.—Anaconda Standard.

The Birthday Carnival.

After the Mayor of New York decided to give up the idea of a monster celebration to mark the ending of the old municipality and the birth of Greater New York, the Journal launched a project which bids fair to attract national attention, both for its splendor and significance.

The elaborate details of such a grand celebration will be a striking demonstration of the scope of the modern great American newspaper.—Newspaper Maker.

Prefers Pendulum to Ferryboat.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I do not see the applicability of the ferryboat definition of a mugwump, to which you have awarded the precedence. It is true, a ferryboat spends its whole lifetime crossing from one side to the other, but it does this to make money on every trip, while the passengers do not spend their lives in crossing from one side to the other, but cross once, and then pass on. Besides, there is no story or application, and the analogy is quite false.

Had I thought you wanted an analogy I might have sent you this, which, as you will see, embodies a true analogy:

"A mugwump is the pendulum which, by swinging from one side to the other, modifies the movement of the whole mechanism and makes the clock keep correct time."

This, I think, gives a parallelism which has a meaning, and embodies an important definition.

I. W. HEYSINGER, M. D.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27.

Dr. Depew's Denial Habit Asserts Itself Again.

DR. CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW is altogether too generous and too genial to indulge in such language as that with which he is credited concerning the very entertaining and absolutely correct story which the Journal published last Sunday about the present condition of Biltmore, George Vanderbilt's magnificent but unprofitable estate near Asheville, N. C.

It is alleged that Chauncey, dear old chap,

Chauncey and Biltmore House.

says that there is not a word of truth in the Journal's whole story of Biltmore.

Habits of a lifetime are hard to overcome. Ever since Chauncey entered the service of the Vanderbilts he has been denying stories about the Vanderbilts. It has become a second nature with him.

On hearing the name of Vanderbilt, Chauncey always says it isn't so, and then asks what it is.

Of course Chauncey is a wise man. If he had lived in the days of the patriarchs the catechism would now read:

Q. Who was the wisest man?

A. Chauncey.

Solomon would never have been heard of.

Chauncey has been the press agent of the Vanderbilts so long that he suspects every story that he doesn't give out himself.

On the other hand, and for the same reason, the public suspects every story that he does give out.

The reading world hasn't forgotten what Chauncey had to say when Willie K. and the "Lady Alva" were in the throes of their divorce proceedings.

We all remember Chauncey's denials when Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., was stricken with paralysis.

What Chauncey had to say about young Neely's marriage and its consequences is as yesterday.

Ever since I could remember, Chauncey has been denying Vanderbilt stories that eventually denied his denials.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that Chauncey should have lifted up his voice and wept when he read the Journal's carefully prepared, well considered and absolutely correct story of the present condition of affairs at Biltmore.

I am not a betting man, but I feel that when Chauncey makes a bluff like that he should be called.

Here is an offer that won't break him if he loses, and will punish me if he wins: For every truth contained in the Journal's story of Biltmore he shall give a railroad pass to some deserving person in need of it. For every untruth there contained I shall read one of Chauncey's warmed-over, after-dinner speeches.

I don't doubt that Dr. Depew, in the infinity of his long-distance wisdom and sitting at his desk in the Grand Central Depot, knows very much more about Biltmore than the man who went down there and made a thorough study of the place, but that isn't the point.

My proposition is that the Journal is more correct in its statements than Dr. Depew is in his denials, and I demand that Chauncey shall come up or shut up.

Apropos to the Journal's story of Biltmore, it is only fair to say that the admirable picture of Biltmore House that was printed at the same time was made from a photograph token by Mr. C. F. Ray, of Asheville.

Perhaps Dr. Depew will deny the accuracy of Mr. Ray's camera.

The many friends of Mrs. Clement Moore will be delighted to learn that she has so far recovered from a recent severe attack of typhoid fever as to be able to walk on the avenue again.

Mrs. Moore's happy New Year will have greater significance in 1898 than usual.

Many amusing paragraphs are printed to the effect that the wedding of Miss Margaret Van Cortlandt Ogden and Mr. Francis A. McNutt is to be a great and grand affair.

As matter of fact this marriage will be one of the quietest of the season.

Miss Ogden is practically alone. Her mother and father are dead. Her sister, Mrs. Gardiner Sherman, is not well enough to carry out the plans of a big affair, and her brother, Frank Ogden, is now abroad.

Another thing of consequence is that Miss Ogden is a Protestant and Mr. McNutt is a Catholic. Moreover, both are very strong in their respective faiths.

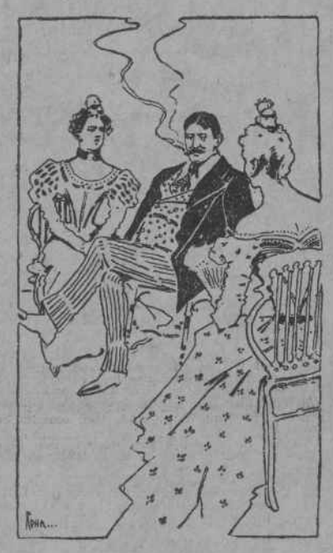
Miss Ogden is a daughter of the late John D. Ogden. Her mother was a Miss Mary Moore, the daughter of the well-known Clement Moore, who wrote "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," to amuse his children, and has since amused and irritated countless of other children.

Miss Ogden's great-grandfather, Benjamin Moore, was New York's first Protestant bishop, and his remains are now resting in old Trinity churchyard.

Mr. McNutt is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and his twelve years or more of diplomatic service has not been without effect. He is good looking and athletic. He comes from a very old family, originally from Virginia.

The wedding will probably take place on January 4 at the bride's home, No. 9 East Thirty-fifth street. Father Van Rensselaer, S. J., will perform the ceremony at noon. There will be no best man, ushers, maid of honor or bridesmaids. Not more than fifteen all told will be present.

These are all relatives, and will include Mr. and Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Moore, Mr.



Unequal Rights.

and Mrs. Gardiner Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Waddington, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Post and Miss Post.

The question as to whether or not it is right for the men to go as they please at the Astoria "Bohemia" gatherings conducted under the auspices of the Society of Musical Arts, while the women have to wear full dress and their best manners, is still a matter of animated discussion.

My individual sympathies are all with the women, and I would seriously advise them to rebel.

If the men can wear any old thing and puff cigars indiscriminately, wherever and whenever they please, why shouldn't the women have a little latitude?

I am of the opinion that they would find cocktails and cigarettes very efficacious.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

The gray-haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he questioned.

"I am the identical," said the flippant young man.

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of the Munn reception?"

"Yest. Anything wrong about it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. You notice that in speaking of my daughter you use this paragraph: 'She swept about the room with an inherited grace that caught every eye.' Now what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first-class chance for a neat compliment to her esteemed parents; that's all."

"Sure you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by peddling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good night."

The stranger turned in the doorway.

"Speaking of brooms," he said, "will you join me in a little whisk?"

And they went down the stairs together.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE WRONG TURN.

Barton—I'd like to get you to prescribe for my baby. It's two months old now and I've stood it just as long as I can.

The Doctor—What seems to be the trouble? Doesn't it sleep nights?

Barton—That's just where the rub is. It sleeps too well nights. You see, I work on a morning newspaper and have to sleep during the day. What I want you to do is give it something to keep it awake nights.—Chicago News.

THE AMBUSCADE.

"It looks like rain this morning," observed the milkman blithely.

The gaunt woman closed her thin lips firmly; she positively did not retort that she was glad to have it look like something besides well water.

Nor did her wan husband mutter anything of that or other tenor.

So the milkman carried the gaspipe bomb back home and fed it to the hogs.—Detroit Journal.

JUSTIFIABLE.

"You are the defendant in this case?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"The complaining witness says you called him vile names and threatened to whip him."

"That's right, Your Honor. He drives an ice wagon. He roused me out of a sound sleep this morning by dumping a twenty pound chunk of ice on my doorstep. The mercury stood at 10 degrees below zero. I got up, raised the window, and told him what I thought of him, Your Honor."

"You didn't shoot at him?"

"No, Your Honor."

"You didn't throw a bomb at him?"

"No, Your Honor."

"You didn't run downstairs and try to stab him with a butcher knife?"

"I did not, Your Honor."

"You merely expressed your indignation in words?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"You felt like killing him, didn't you?"

"I did, Your Honor. I did!"

"It would have been a satisfaction and a joy to you to wipe him off the earth, would it not?"

"I confess it would, Your Honor."

"Permit me, sir, to grasp you by the hand. Discharged. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

UNFORTUNATE KNOWLEDGE.

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chip she drew back and asked:

"George, do you shave yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever"——

Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.—Chicago News.

WEATHER—Fair, colder, westerly winds.

A Forceful but Silent Argument.

NEGRO FRANK was a house negro, raised on a Tennessee plantation. In the early days of his life his single duty was to look after and make it generally pleasant for me. When we had arrived at that age when we could be entrusted with a gun, a small double-barrel was provided for us, and thereafter, whenever school did not claim me, Frank and I spent our days and some of our nights roaming the woods and meadows in search of things to kill. When we were not at that we were down on the bayou catching sunfish.

Southern boys run to that sort of thing, and it is second nature to a negro. It involves no labor and there is no boss to bother one when one is in the woods. So it was a sad day for Frank when I left home for the busy world, sad, indeed, for this black lounger, because it meant that he must go to work—mayhap about the house, where work is easy, possibly out in

"His mind was burdened."

the hot fields, where it is hard. Frank saw me go with a pain at his heart which he will never forget, and the next day he was ploughing corn and cussing fate.

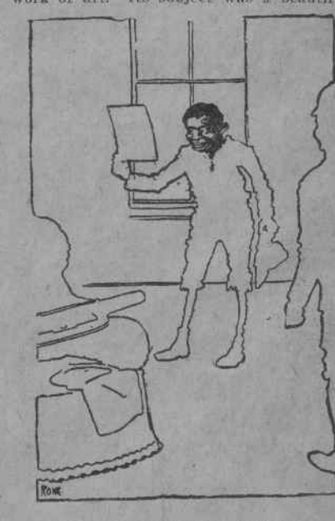
But sad as was all that, there came another day when, after long absence, much travel and increased years, I dropped down home again to find Frank a man and working along with the other field hands just as if he had never slept in the big house in his life. His greeting was hilariously joyful. He hovered around like a mother bird over a robbed nest. It was impossible to get out of his sight. The time was portentous to him. His mind was burdened with a great question. It took him two days to find the mood and the moment for its asking. Finally:

"Is yuh gwine tuh do any huntin' suh?"

There it was. If I had hunting in my mind, heritage would give Frank liberty to go along, and it would be a return to the old ease of other days. It came about that I went hunting; went down in the swamps to the old cabin on the island where there were ducks and turkeys and gray squirrels to shoot, and all sorts of fish to catch.

We were entirely alone in that sportsman's elysium for two months, and they were almost like a day, so fast does time go when one is fingering a trigger or swinging a rod in well-loved fields or waters. Frank was at peace with all the world.

But the day came when we had to say good-by to the swamps and the hills, and Frank went at the packing. Somehow among the accumulation of guns, ammunition, rods, tackle, cooking utensils and shooting clothes, a photograph had found its way. It was a beautiful picture, a work of art. Its subject was a beautiful



"Go on an' keep a-goin'."

woman, leader of some Amazon march, glorious in tights and tinsel, and handsome beyond compare. In Frank's plantation life nothing of that sort had ever been even so much as heard of. Stowed away in the bottom of a trunk, he had not even seen it, and it had escaped his notice when I took it out and laid it on a chair while he packed the clothes. He had been silent for a long while, working slowly but reluctantly at this labor of sending me away. It meant so much to him. Finally he broke out:

"I wan' tuh say thah's sumpin' 'bout yuh I don' onderstan'."

"What's that, Frank?"

"Youse been heah two months?"

"Yes."

"An' youse had a good time?"

"Yes."

"Den, scuse me, suh, but whut on earf does yuh mean by leavin' yo home an' evahbody whut loves yuh, an' respecs yuh, an' wants tuh go huntin' wiv yuh, to go way up norf thah whah ain' nobody to keer faw yuh, an' nothin' tuh hunt, an' no hot biscuit, an' no good hosses, an' nothin' 'tall 'cepin des trouble? Why don' yuh stay hyah allus?"

Stay there always, and then Frank wouldn't go into the field any more. He would just paddle canoes and fish and sing songs all through his God-given days and be happy. It was a beautiful argument, three parts for Frank and one for me. I said no word; just walked over to the table, picked up the photograph of this beauteous thing in gorgeous raiment, and handed it to the negro. He gazed at it long and intently without comment of any kind. Then the determination of a great self-denial drifted over his face and settled there. He extended the picture, turned his face away, and with a wealth of acknowledgment in his voice said slowly:

"Young Mistah."

"Yes."

"Go on; an' keep a-goin'."

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.